

*ENEMIES IN THE PROMISED
LAND* 183

no marks of violence. Frank found it shut, and wrenched -at it so that the lock-bolt came away.

In a few moments they had all climbed up the staircase, lighted by narrow loopholes in the tree, and set foot on the circular balcony, which was almost completely screened behind a curtain of leaves.

The instant Fritz and Frank reached the platform they hurried into the first room.

Neither this room nor the rooms next it presented the least sign of disturbance. The bedding was all in good condition, the furniture all in place. So it was obvious that the original Falcon's nest had been respected. The marauders could not have found the door below. The foliage had become so very much thicker in the course of th*se twelve years that it would have been as impossible to see the dwelling from the yard below as it was from the edge of the neighbouring wood,

It really looked as if Mme. Zermatt and Mrs. Wolston had set everything in order only the day before. There ware preserved meat, flour, rice, preserves, and liquor, enough of everything to last for a week, in accordance with

the usual
custom observed at Falconhurst as at
the other
farms.

Nobody now, of course, gave a
thought^to the
question of food. What occupied
their minds
to the exclusion of all else, filling them
with despair,